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SPRINGTIME AND HARVEST.

By REV. JAMES TEAMES.

"The harvest answers to the seed." —
No luscious grapes hang on the thorn,
No clusters grace the tangled weed,
No thistle-waste yields yellow corn!

The idle ploughshare surely means
An idle sickle in the fall;
No reaper binds, or maiden gleans,
Where seed was never sown at all.

Who sows "wild oats," shall reap the crop;
A bitter fruitage his, indeed!
Pause, ere the fateful seeds ye drop,
"The harvest answers to the seed."

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked;"
As the man sows, so must he reap;
The sluggard sows, in slumber locked,
When others sing shall wake to weep.

"The harvest answers to the seed;"
Who sows shall sow shall gather naught;
In harvest-time, in utmost need,
He begs, whose spring with hope was fraught.

The year is dead; spring comes no more;
No garnered wealth his soul may share;
The harvest past, the summer o'er,
Now, the black winter of despair!

Awake! arise! for time speeds on;
All things are ready but the man!
Too late to sow when life is gone,
None reap who ne'er to plough began.

Before us lies life's fertile field,
The fallows stretch far out of sight;
Prepare ye then for golden yield,
Make straight the furrows, sow the right!

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

By BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

V.
Guajuato is a hill city, with a
population variously estimated from
50,000 to as high as 100,000 —
probably about 60,000. It is a very
ancient city, and long celebrated for
its silver mines, which have been
worked for more than three hundred
years, and from a single one of which
has been taken 8800,000,000 worth
of ore.

The city lies along the little river
Guajuato, deep down between the
overhanging silver-loaded mountains
and along its precipitous banks and
tortuous course for about two miles.
It is pecked into every nook of the
rocks, and along each gulch, leaving
no unoccupied spot. The streets are
narrow and crooked, and there are no
regular forms to the blocks or build-
ing lots, and so the houses rarely pre-
sent a symmetrical appearance, one
projecting in a polygonal shape from
another and rising at foundation as
well as roof above its neighbors.
It would be difficult to imagine a greater
irregularity, and yet after all it is a
respectably well-built city, having
several churches which, for interior
richness, would excite wonder in any
of our great cities. In the upper sec-
tion about the reservoir called La
Presa, there are some fine public
gardens and really beautiful homes,
with an abundance of trees and
flowering shrubs, and tropical or-
chards and vines, creating the feel-
ing, as one rides through it, that, if the
humanity which throngs every line of
vision were different, it would be not
an unpleasant place in which to live;
but oh! the humanity — how inde-
scribably wretched! There are many
rich haciendas, and it is said that the
city is one of great wealth.

"There is a vein for the silver."
There is; I have seen it. We took
a carriage and wound our way along
the gorges in and out among what
were called the homes of men, up
steep ascents until we came to the
mouth of the mine — no, until we
came to a side cut which penetrated
the mountain horizontally, tapping
the shaft at about four hundred feet
from the surface. Here we found a
diminutive car which would con-
veniently hold eight, drawn on trams
by a small mule. The gentlemanly Mex-
ican who accompanied us to show
us the mysteries of the place, bade us
mount. Several young lads with
pitch torches curiously made entered
before us, lighting up its recesses as
we advanced. In a few moments we
came to the little vaulted chamber,
fitted up as a chapel to "Our Lady
of Guadalupe," where the miner
stops on his way to invoke protection
and success, as he enters on his day's

toil. A small image in a recess of
the cavern, before which are lighted
candles, points out the sacred shrine.
The boys and the guide reverently
take off the hat and cross them-
selves. No miner ventures to go
beyond this point without kneeling
and saying his "Ave Marias." We
uncover our head, and look reverently
on. It has been long since we scoffed
at devotions, the meaning of which
to us seems obscure. Any form of
religious ceremony awakens in us a
sympathetic response. While these
ignorant devotees with some meaning
pray to the blessed Virgin, we pray
for her adorable Son. The ceremony
over, we mount the car again, and
following the flickering torches, pen-
etrate a quarter of a mile further.
We have reached the shaft, which
descends sixteen hundred feet lower
into what seems, as we stand at the
railing which surrounds it, a faith-
less depth. It is about twelve
feet in diameter, and has dangling
chains operated by a great engine
four hundred feet above. On the
ends of these chains are cars for the
ore, which are let down to be loaded
and drawn up, and removed to the
tram on which we entered, to be
conveyed away to the mills. For our
edification a torch made of hemp or
some other fibre and saturated with
pitch and turpentine (or, I believe,
kerosene), and rolled into a ball the
size of a man's head, is held out over
the centre of the great well, and set
on fire to light it up. We see plainly
to the entire depth. After a moment
it has burnt away its fastenings and
drops down, down, down, with a
loud roar as of distant thunder or
advancing tornado, until finally, at
what seems miles below, it is sud-
denly extinguished. Up and down this
dreary passage hundreds of men
make daily journeys, only returning
to the surface for brief intervals of
rest.

We follow the train of silver-laden
cars outward into the open day, with
a sense of relief, and descend to the
great works on the side of the de-
clivity, where the train discharges its
cargo — the hacienda San Javier.
It is a vast array of walls and build-
ings, exteriorly about eight hundred
feet square, not rectangular. The
high solid stone walls are irregular
in line, conforming to the surface
which they enclose. They are built
for the purpose of safety, and are of
prison or fort solidity and strength.
Entering through a massive portal,
we are shown first to the wide room
where the ores are delivered and the
process of extracting the precious
contents begins. Its appearance is
simply that of gray hard quartz,
broken into small fragments. To the
uninitiated there is no appearance of
silver. The wonder is how men ever
found out that it was indeed
present, and how to extract it.

The process begins. Before us in
the centre of the chamber, is one of
several pulverizing machines. A per-
pendicular wooden shaft of timber is
fixed in a beam above and in a socket
on the ground, so as to revolve.
Around its base is a collar of grating
spreading out about three feet, making
a diameter of six feet at the base and
fitting close around the shafts at the
top two feet from the ground. The
collar is fixed, and the shaft revolves
in it. The grating is firm, and serves
as a sieve. At a point four feet
from the ground, an axle springs
from the shaft about twelve feet
long, on which a great wheel is
hung at a point four feet from the
shaft. The end projects through the
wheel ten feet, and at the end of it a
team of mules is fastened, by which the
shaft is revolved, carrying the wheel
around in a circle eight feet in diam-
eter, and making its turns just out-
side the base of the grating. The
wheel is of enormous weight, many
tons, being composed of stone and
iron and about eight feet in diameter
and two feet wide and solid. The
pounded ore is spread around the
grating three or four inches deep and
the width of the tire. As the wheel
revolves it crushes the stones to mi-
nute pieces. A Mexican tender
passes round the track of the wheel,
throwing up the crushed mass on the
sieve so that the fine parts go
through and drop into a room below,
and the not sufficiently pulverized
parts return to the track for the
wheel to grind again, until crushed.
But the pulverization is not com-
plete. The mass that has passed
through the sieve is now conveyed to
large circular tanks filled with water.

These tanks have grids arranged in
them of porphyritic stones, but not of
exactly the same construction. These
crush the small particles to paste. The
residue is carried in sacks, and
spread out on an immense floor, of
several hundred feet square, in a
kind of mud batter, about two feet
deep. Then a certain quantity of
salt, sulphate of copper and quick-
silver is spread over it, and gangs of
mules are driven through it for sev-
eral days, to make the mixture or
amalgam complete. The floor if it
is large is divided into several
sections called *Torta*, and as many
gangs of about thirty mules are
turned upon each. A Mexican
stands in the mud thigh deep, and
drives the mules with a long heavy
whip round and round as in an old-
fashioned threshing floor. The eyes
of the mules are bandaged to prevent
the effect of the quicksilver, but with
all possible precautions, a mule can
only endure a brief time.

The amalgam thus charged with the
quicksilver is turned again into large
tanks, called *lavaderos*, which are
kept full by flowing water and stirred
by flanges of a rushing wheel into a
thin, muddy fluid, which is discharged
in a steady stream, leaving the silver
and quicksilver residue, called *peña*.
This is taken to a room and em-
poured into vats or sacks of great strength,
and under pressure most of the quick-
silver is discharged. The amalgam is
then put in retorts and the remain-
der of the quicksilver is removed,
leaving the pure metal alone. At-
tempts at introducing more approved
methods and modern machinery have
met with resistance.

RIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.

By REV. ROBERT ALLYN, D. D.

I prefer to use an abstract word
which indicates a state or condition of
our universal humanity rather than to
employ the common, specific or con-
crete term, "children," which de-
signates individuals. Childhood marks or
determines a region, or province, or
territory of the universal kingdom of
humanity. The word is impersonal,
and claims to cover all the young of
the race. It is, in fact, a condition
without reference to a single individual
whatsoever, and in it are all children
by virtue of their age and relation of
irresponsibility to the statute law, or
to society, though not to authority. It
is a state of want and weakness, of
growth, indeed, and aspiration, of in-
feriority and subordination, of igno-
rance and of dependence. While it is
not held responsible to the State, it is
so held to the parent for duty, and the
parent is accountable for it to the com-
munity. The length of time during
which this period of immaturity con-
tinues, is a very accurate measure of
the capability of the race, or nation, or
family for improvement; since only
during this time is there opportunity
for learning, and after it the mind
hardens so as to prevent enlargement.

It has advancing powers and capac-
ities, wants innumerable, physical,
moral, intellectual and spiritual, and
these are its distinguishing condition
or characteristic. The race must pass
through this as through a door, in order
to enter and enjoy life's high duties and
privileges. What a multitude daily
sweep through the gates of being! It is
an army marching in platoons fifty
abreast, at a pace three hundred and
sixty an hour, intermitting not day nor
night, and moving onward to the giddy
hills of pleasure, or to the malarious
valleys of vice, or to the great battle
fields of nobility and duty. See the
masses! Nothing can stay their foot-
steps. No obstacle can impede their
movements. Onward! Onward! Tramp!
Tramp! As irresistible as the revolution
of the spheres, this mighty column
tramples down everything that at-
tempts opposition. These new genera-
tions come with body-force and soul-
power, with new spirituality, and per-
haps bestiality, with upward aspira-
tions and downward tendencies. What
an amount of increment to the world's
life!

Astronomers speak of that constant
fall of meteoric stones, or cosmic dust,
brought by the circling vortices within
reach of gravitation and rained upon
our earth. Millions of these bodies,
larger or smaller, and their weight to
our earth and increase its bulk and
heat. All this is inappreciable, how-
ever. But this additional humanity
which comes through childhood is at
least a fifth, and probably a twenty-
fifth, of the sum total of human life
at any time on the planet. And if we
extend the time of childhood to the
twelfth year, it is a full third of it all.
Think of one-third of the race in ir-
responsible, irresponsible childhood! And
this speeding away from us with the
rapidity of time! It covers all lands
and mountains, and by it the sum of
human life daily grows under the op-
eration of laws inherent in nature, or
rather by the direct creative power of
the Lord of life.

This new life comes with hereditary
tendencies of its ancestry, yet with

such a freshness of energy and such a
fullness of freedom, as enables it to
vary from its parental type many
times, and in this is hope for the world.
The young are early disposed by na-
ture to aspire for the best. Does it not,
therefore, become those already in pos-
session of the earth to take intelligent
care of such a bountiful mass of power,
and to see that it be not permitted to
dilute or deteriorate what already ex-
ists? Should not we also see that this
multitudinous array of life and love
should not enter a cold and distrust-
ing world, and be rendered by its con-
tact hard and vicious, unhappy and un-
profitable; that it be neither lost nor
damaged by coming to this planet?

This thought implies that the sub-
jects of this kingdom of childhood have
rights, and should enjoy privileges in
this world of ours. We are in posses-
sion of the domain into which the Cre-
ator is thrusting them. We are only
tenants at will of all this, and child-
hood comes to inherit after us in part,
and also along with us. They have a
right to it — all of it. Their right is
our duty. We must not diminish their
patrimony entailed to them by a higher
law than any king or parliament, any
congress or convention, can enact. And
further, the rights of childhood are the
obligations of humanity or of man-
hood. Examine a little more. The
whole of this world belongs, in a very
strict sense, to the future — the world
not exactly as it is, with all its im-
provements, its business, its civiliza-
tions, its religions, its educations, its
commercial highways and lines of in-
tercourse, its avenues of trade and
travel, belongs to that future; and it
is our duty to keep open and improve
all these advantages. The old Romans
were especially earnest to build roads
and conserve all the civilizations, arts
and sciences of their time; and how
they prospered! And even when the
empire fell, honor and progress and re-
ligion did not die. But when Spain
conquered Peru, she destroyed all roads
and bridges, all the better civilization
of the Incas; and how soon did Spain
herself, refusing to recognize the rights
of posterity, of childhood, die! When
Louis XVI became so regardless of his
accountability to posterity as to say:
"After me the deluge," how soon did
the deluge of blood flow over France!
God demands of the present that it
shall provide for the future.

A VERY SERIOUS EVIL.

By REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Since the Saviour repeatedly (John
13: 10; 15: 3) calls His apostles
"clean," or pure — the Greek word for
the two is the same — before they had
received their Pentecostal baptism;
since "saluts," or holy ones, with the
equivalent expressions, "they that are
sanctified," "holy brethren," "holy
nation," etc., occurs in the New Testa-
ment about eighty times, "saluts" is
self being written four times in the
Acts, forty-four times in the Epistles,
and thirteen times in Revelation, and
always with reference to the whole
body of disciples or believers in Jesus;
since "holiness," or sanctification, is
generally, if not exclusively, used by
the evangelists and apostles to describe
the state of all true believers, being
equivalent to, or a part of, the same
work with "godliness," "righteous-
ness," and "justification" (Luke 1: 75;
Eph. 4: 24; Acts 3: 12; 2 Peter 3: 11;
1 Thess. 4: 3, 4, 7; 1 Cor. 1: 30;
2 Thess. 2: 13, etc.); and since certain
other passages, in harmony with the
preceding, e. g., 2 Cor. 7: 1, "perfect-
ing holiness," and Eph. 4: 12, "for the
perfecting of the saints, for the edify-
ing of the body of Christ," in the apostle's mind,
"body of Christ," or the entire church,
was already and necessarily holy, but
needed to have its holiness perfected;
why should we not conform our way
of speaking to these manifest truths of
Scripture, amply confirmed, as they
are, by the facts of life? Why should
we allow ourselves to use the word holiness
when we mean perfected holiness?
Why should it be commonly supposed
that no one can properly be called holy
unless he is perfectly holy?

It seems to us that the evils of this
practice which has become now so gen-
eral in Methodism, are both very gen-
eral and very obvious. It puts the unjust
and practically very mischievous stig-
ma of unholy upon the great ma-
jority of Christ's Church, who have
been genuinely born again, are happy
in the love of God, and are going on to
perfection. Shall these be branded as
unholy and classified with sinners sim-
ply because they have not yet reached
that goal of perfection toward which
they are diligently pressing? No; they
are "holy," "clean," "pure," in the
Scriptural sense; they have "holi-
ness," or "heart purity;" and no
word should be spoken, no use of
terms be allowed, that will becloud
that fact, or remove from them the re-
sponsibility of that profession and their
corresponding conduct. There are no
unholy children of God. As well
might one speak of a holy child of the
devil.

Another great evil of the practice ob-
jected to is that it leads to constant
misunderstanding and perversion of
Scripture. The multitude of Scripture
passages in which these words stand,
are sure to be twisted into a meaning
very different from that intended by
their writers. A sense is read into

them which never on any honest prin-
ciples of exegesis came out of them.
And hence it results that many who are
most scrupulous about using Bible
terms, have unconsciously fallen into
the habit of using them in a signifi-
cantly foreign to that which they re-
ally bear. The wide-reaching injury
of this can readily be seen.

We are not sticklers for needless pre-
cision in the use of unimportant terms
pertaining to common life. But when
it comes to a matter of such import-
ance as that here involved, and the
difference is so great a one as that
between holiness and perfect holiness,
and the practical evils of their con-
fusion are so manifest on every side, we
deem it time that those who love the
Methodist Church and her central doc-
trine should make themselves clearly
understood.

Whitinsville, Mass.

THE PHILADELPHIA CON- FERENCE.

By REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D. D.

A little wearied with the work of a
local struggle against the rum traffic,
and plagued a bit with one of the colds
common to our changeable climate, it
occurred to me that relief and pleasure
could be found in a short trip to the
seat of the Philadelphia Annual Con-
ference. Asbury or Lee would have
been for weeks on such a journey;
not so their more indolent suc-
cessor. An anniversary celebration
with my own society was duly enjoyed
until the hour for adjourning, and then
in a moment's time I was on the cars
and away to enter and cross the great
metropolis, float for a few moments on
the broadening waters of the Hudson
with its unpoetic *alms*, and then again
by steam to two days' bone-racking
journey for Asbury in each hour while
I read the morning journals, or watch
the flying towns, or the fields growing
green in the spring sunshine.

The speed slackens, the car doors
are swung open, the brakeman shrieks
something, and "grip" in hand, I step
out, a little unknown cipher, to keep
my identity, if I can, in a mass of more
than a million units! I segregate my-
self a little by a seat in a slow-moving
horse-car, and by it, and finally, in true
altruistic fashion, on foot, I reach the
seat of the Conference in a new and
spacious church building in the ex-
treme west of this great city. I make
my way quietly to the auditorium, to
find it filled, and sit down just "within
the bar" to watch the doings of this
celebrated Conference. Think of it!
At home last evening, "slept like a
top" last night, and here I am in the
outskirts of Philadelphia and enjoying
the morning hour of a Methodist Con-
ference! I pull my ear, and wonder if
I am really awake, and then bethink
me that no dream could match the be-
wildering reality. And everything is
so strange! But steady! That was a
familiar voice! From over the table on
the broad platform shines a kind and
earnest face that somehow looks just
like New England, and things are
strange no longer; there is a home at-
mosphere all around, for this is a Meth-
odist Annual Conference; there is but
one Methodist Episcopal Church, and
a New Englander is presiding bishop.

Now there is a little time to look
around. Just there stands Dr. Kynett,
his genial face aglow as he greets his
brethren. He is a large-hearted, kindly
sort of a man, albeit he sometimes goes
for New England a little roughly.
Bishop Bowman is on the platform, and
will be joined later on by Bishop An-
drews. Hard at work at his table sits
Dr. J. B. McCullough, who has long
honored Philadelphia Methodism and
been honored by it. He is editor of the
Philadelphia Methodist, and has I know
not how many great interests intrusted
to his hands. While looking at him
and thinking of the genial Doctor who
graces Zion's Herald, the question
obtrudes, why don't editors exchange
as well as preachers? Wouldn't it be
capital? Think how nice to have Dr.
McCullough in Boston for a couple of
weeks, and then how proud we should
be to show off our Dr. in Philadelphia!
In order that both may enjoy all the
fun possible, I will agree to write their
editorials for \$20 a column during the
exchange.

Hush! The Bishop is saying some-
thing, and it appears, is introducing
somebody to the Conference. Ah!
there isn't as much of it as there used
to be, but we know that mop of iron
gray hair, those gold-rimmed glasses,
and that smile! That boyish-looking
old man and dignified corresponding
secretary of the Freedman's Aid Soci-
ety gave this correspondent his first ex-
horter's license. I believe he accused
me of "absorbing" (modern for steal-
ing) my first sermon, but as he has not
in all these years found any one foolish
enough to claim ownership, he has
probably forgiven me. A wiry, ener-
getic, intense man Dr. R. S. Rust is
still, pushing his work with unabated
vigilance. Later another familiar New
England voice claims the ear of the
Conference, and gets it, too. Dr. S. F.
Upham, who would have been allowed
if New England had been allowed to
furnish all the men who would have
been glad to do, speaks for the Mad-
ison (N. J.) Theological Seminary.
The speech is eloquent, chaste and
witty, and the Conference rolls out its
hearty "thunders of applause."

But it is time to collect impressions
of this representative body. At the

front, and carefully watching the pro-
ceedings, are four fine-looking men in
the very prime of life. Only one has
gray hair, and this is only a *nimbus*, to
a youthful, attractive face. Any Meth-
odist minister could in ten minutes
time pick these men out for presiding
elders. Beside the bar, and here and
there on the wide platform erected spe-
cially for the occasion, are aged veter-
ans, but relatively their number ap-
pears smaller than at the sessions of
the New England Conference. The
main body of this big body seems com-
posed of middle-aged men, who have
succeeded in preserving much of their
youth. They are in no haste to get
men into the Conference, the presiding
elders offering no candidates this year,
hence the young men give evidence of
being "picked" men.

As a whole, the members give them-
selves carefully to business, and as it
moves along it appears that many of
them are strong and ready debaters
who give various matters that we call
a thorough ventilation.

Every reader of ZION'S HERALD
would be glad to have me draw the
picture of Bishop Mallieus as the pre-
siding officer of this august body. I
can only say, remember him just as you
know and loved him when about his
work in years past, and you will see
him now — a hearty, whole-souled, sen-
sible Christian minister. A little more-
ment arose on the morning of the
second day of the Conference when the
brethren read the account of the pre-
vious day's proceedings in a city daily.
Rev. Anthony Atwood, a fine-looking
octogenarian, has a place of honor
on the platform near the Bishop. The
reporter, as green as some in Boston,
mistook him for the Bishop, and pro-
ceeded to describe him and tell how he
was forced to lean on his staff and
could take but a small part in the exer-
cises. The real Bishop he evidently
considered a sort of private secretary
to this aged and infirm official.

But reporters and all have discovered
who is the Bishop, and that he is of the
best of stuff. Deliberate, kind, exact,
the whole Conference do not attempt
to disguise their liking for the man and
their satisfaction with his official work.
On Sunday morning he preached a
clean, plain and powerful gospel ser-
mon, that moved the vast audience al-
ternately to tears and shouts. What
astonished me not a little was that quite
a number expressed surprise that such
a Bishop could come out of New En-
gland. It would have done some peo-
ple good to have seen the placid, self-
complacent look on my face as I coolly
told them that we had plenty more of
the same sort.

If I have not been misinformed, this
is the first time an Annual Conference
has been held in the west part of the
city, and Methodists on this side the
river are taking a commendable pride
in making the session a success. I
asked a sharp-eyed presiding elder how
many Methodist societies there are in
the city, and he told me about ninety!
In the west part there are eight. Cen-
tenary is new, and the largest. Asbury
was dedicated but a short time ago, and
is a beautiful church seating about one
thousand persons. The success of this
enterprise is largely credited to Dr.
Morrow. Christ Church is only a
chapel, but it is full; the society owns
a splendid lot; the location is first class.
Rev. Dr. W. C. Webb is the right man
in the right place, and a new and ele-
gant church building is a foregone con-
clusion.

Philadelphia shows multiplying signs
of growth. There are young men who
can remember when the foundations of
its wonderful City Hall were laid, and
they may live to see it finished. The
city is said to cover more square miles
than any other in the world — to have
30,000 more buildings than New York —
and it is still growing vigorously on
nearly every side. Methodists here are
warm-hearted and loyal; they kneel
down to pray; they sing lustily; they
lead the church in missionary contribu-
tions; they shout all around when the
preacher puts in "the rousements." "Every-
thing is lovely in this great
"City of Brotherly Love," and I am
proud of its stalwart Methodism; and
yet I hug myself occasionally and say
softly, "Thank God I was born in
Massachusetts, and am a member of
the New England Conference!"

SCHOOL FUNDS.

Bishop Mallieus was rather hasty,
as he will probably confess, on reflec-
tion, in his remark in a recent letter re-
flecting on Massachusetts as compared
with some Western States, relating to
school funds. He says: "Massachu-
setts, in a freak of foolishness, sold out
for a song her 150,000 acres of land, do-
nated a few years ago for school pur-
poses by the general government, but
most, if not all, these Western States
had more wisdom, and their school fund
in many cases is productive of great
revenues and prospectively of a much
larger income in the future." The only
fund which has been donated to Massa-
chusetts by the general government for
school purposes, was that of land
re-scrip for an Agricultural College, but
the amount was greater than that
stated, being 360,000 acres. The lands
donated were at the minimum price of
\$1.25 per acre, and the sale was imper-
ative at a stated time, and it will readily
be seen that with millions of acres
thrown upon the market about the
same time, there was no opportunity to
obtain large prices. This State made

better sales than [most] of the States,
better even than some of the Western
States. The school funds of the West-
ern States, which are so productive, were
derived from a different source, not
open to Massachusetts, but in the set-
ting apart of land in every township, at
first one section in thirty-six and af-
terwards two, with 44,000 acres for uni-
versity purposes. The wisdom, or unwis-
dom, in the management of these funds
depended much upon their locality, yet
with ordinary sagacity could not prove
otherwise than profitable.

R. I. A.

Our Exchanges.

BY RITO

Yes; and Jesus said the True Man
Would be Unpopular. — Only one who is
unpopular and yet be right? Christ
was crucified. — *Western Christian Ad-
vocate.*

The Crescent Waning. — The most
patent thing in all the late fightings
and negotiations is the revelation made
of the pitiable weakness of the Turkish
Empire. — *Presbyterian.*

Not an Argument for a Standing
Army. — The course of the army is gain-
ing and drinking, and their victory pre-
vail to an alarming degree and produce
incalculable injury. — *Central Christian
Advocate.*

The Pressing Need. — We are in need
of a present salvation — a salvation
from selfishness, littleness, hypocrisy,
cant, insincerity, indifference, envy,
hate, malice, and all that defiles the
purity of soul or body. — *Unity.*

Too Bad if True. — A well-known
fact in human nature, is that bestowing
a favor is liable to make you an enemy.<

Miscellaneous.

THE GENERAL PENSION.

BY EDWARD H. ROGERS.

The Methodist Church has taken decided ground in opposition to the gift schemes which form a marked feature of the beneficent work of the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic; it is, therefore, fitting that the question should be seen in all its aspects. The church assumes that these enterprises are not only wrong, but that they are also unnecessary, and therefore without any excuse.

Those who reason thus, point to an occasional successful fair which has been conducted without the element of chance, and argue that all fairs might be equally well sustained. This reasoning is fallacious, is apparent to the writer, for reasons which will follow.

It is believed that fairs alone, either with, or without, the aid of the lottery, are inadequate to furnish the large amounts which will be soon needed as the veterans pass rapidly into the shadowy years of life; our average age has already risen above fifty, and the calls upon us press heavily, even now, upon our resources. If this is the case, while many of our members are still comparatively young, and able to labor with zeal in organizing our social efforts, what will be the situation ten years hence, when the balance shall have swayed heavily over on to those conditions of life in which we shall all be obliged to say "that the days have come in which we have no pleasure?"

But there is a more definite reason still for opposing, not only the lottery, but the fair itself, and that is the work and the money expense that it imposes upon the individual members of the Posts. We are, as a class, conceded to be poor; this is evident from the fact that one of the heaviest burdens borne by the Posts is the continued lapse of membership on account of non-payment of dues. But we are practically obliged to ignore this fact among ourselves, as we make our appeal for money, materials, and gratuitous labor, within our own membership. It has come about in this way that it is getting to cost so much to belong to a Post, that the interest of many of the members is chilled, and many veterans are prevented from joining us, who would do so if the drafts upon their pockets were limited to the ordinary dues.

There is another consideration still, which will be very evident to the readers of ZION'S HERALD. Our situation, as has already appeared, is entirely different from that of the churches. To a large extent the wealth of the community, and also a constant accession of youthful life, centres in them; both elements of power are integral, and they are perpetually renewed. But with the Posts, these sources of strength are entirely external, and there is no renewal of life. The time of our dissolution may be reckoned in figures, and it is not remote.

If there was ever any foundation for the cherished belief of the cultured classes of America in respect to the diffusion of wealth among the people, it is rapidly disappearing in the extraordinary developments of the social question. If any one wishes to find the true reasons for the decay of churches, and the desperate straits to which all beneficial societies are put to raise funds, they can find it in the poverty of the people.

It has been said that the Grand Army Posts have undertaken too much. Quite possibly we have; but it was inevitable in the circumstances in which we have found ourselves. A patriotic regiment, or a battery, rapidly fused into the stern exigencies of war into a commune of a more remarkable character; its members lost to certain extent their personal identity; tactically we "touch elbows" constantly, and the mystery of organic social life begins in this simple act. Really we "touched hearts," in the dreadful exposures of our calling. The intensely emotive element which found constant expression in acts of beneficent courtesy and helpfulness, as comrades, rose to the highest point in the desperate, and often ineffectual, efforts we were sometimes obliged to make in order to rescue our wounded while under the fire of a relentless enemy. The fraternal feelings thus originated, have led us to assume the care of our comrades, but we are rapidly reaching a time when aid of a more substantial character must be had, or consequences will follow, which are, to say the least, extremely undesirable.

I avow the conviction, after a deliberate review of the whole question, that there is no effectual relief to be found short of a General Pension. The burden must be placed, where it belongs, upon the broad shoulders of the nation; there would be no nation now, if the army and the great body of the people from whom we sprung, had faltered. Short of a comprehensive allowance, sweeping enough to discharge the brigade of clerks employed in the Pension Office at Washington, I see only two courses open, and I reject both of them: the continued operation of the lotteries, or, pending their suppression by law, the abandonment of the decaying veterans to the loose, unorganized sympathy of the public—a condition of things in which, "A ballist may seize his last blanket to-day, whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow." I have greatly mistaken the feelings and views of my fellow citizens, if they are willing to accept either of these alternatives.

Deeply impressed with a sense of the evils sure to follow from the present method of raising funds, I have, nevertheless, been prevented from opposing them for the reasons herein stated.

Pre-eminent in loyalty, and exceeding all other churches in the numbers of our members who served in the army, it would be a fitting termination of our grand record to give a hearty support to this measure. All agree

that it must be our ultimate resort! Why not support it now? We cannot expect immediate success; five or ten years will be required to bring it about, and its propriety will then be evident to all. I am the more earnest in urging this matter, from the fact that in my youth I saw the beneficial working of a pension in the case of a Revolutionary grandchild. He had reared a large family of children, with whom he resided alternately in his later years; they were themselves burdened with families, so that they were unable to provide fully for his needs. His pension—\$8 per month—enabled him to clothe himself, and supplied all the money necessary for his simple style of life; it made him, in fact, independent. I am sorry that I am obliged to add that this pension did not come to him until forty-two years after his military service. The nation was poor then; it is rich now.

Chelsea, Mass.

HEREDITARY GUILT.

BY REV. ISAAC L. HUNT.

In the *Methodist Quarterly Review* of July, 1877, Dr. Milley, in his review of Dr. Pope's "Christian Theology," asserts that the doctrine of hereditary guilt as a penalty inflicted in the form of depravity, clashes with the cardinal doctrine of Arminianism. He argues that, "If God can so impute the sin of Adam to any one of the race as to constitute in him a desert of the penalty of death in his three-fold form as physical, spiritual, eternal, there can be no justice in his infliction. . . . We thus leave Calvinism in full possession of sufficient ground for its peculiar doctrines of sovereign election and limited atonement."

I fully agree with Dr. Milley that the doctrine of hereditary guilt as held by Calvinists, not only clashes with the cardinal doctrine of Arminianism, but also with the Scriptures and our sense of justice and grace. But Dr. Pope and the Wesleyan fathers have defined this doctrine as held and taught by them, and have clearly distinguished it from the sense in which it is held by Calvinists, and have given it a meaning which is in perfect harmony with Arminianism and also with the Holy Scriptures. By urging in his argument the doctrine of hereditary guilt in the sense in which it is held by Calvinists against Dr. Pope's Theology, he has by implication charged the doctrine upon his theology in the obnoxious sense which he and the Wesleyan fathers have discarded.

It seems to me that no intelligent Arminian can hold that the desert of the race on account of the sin of Adam viewed in the legal covenant, was precisely the same after God by sovereign grace had placed them in the gracious covenant, without satisfying his understanding. Adam's desert and that of his seminal posterity as sinners when in the legal system, was truly eternal death absolute and irrevocable. The notion that their desert was the same after God had graciously placed them in the gracious covenant, destroys at once the entire remedial system. The chief error of Calvinism consists in denying to the reprobates the benefits of the atonement made by Jesus Christ. Those who seem to be in accordance with the views of Dr. Milley, descend at great length upon the terrible consequences of Adam's sin as manifested by the reign of physical and spiritual death; still, they deny that these evils are judicially inflicted, but are the results of the operation of natural laws.

But do not natural laws indicate the uniform operation of divine power? There is, therefore, no difference between punishment by the operation of natural laws and punishment by direct infliction, since both are equally the results of the divine will; otherwise natural laws operate at random! The evils of physical and spiritual death to which we are naturally born, cannot be reconciled with any known attribute of God except on the ground of His displeasure at sin. If we have no inherited guilt, then are we naturally innocent. But this implies a natural ability to render that obedience which is necessary to our happiness, for God is not so unmerciful as to need to be propitiated by an infinite atonement in order to bestow that ability which is requisite to that obedience which is necessary to our happiness.

That the consequences of Adam's sin in the first covenant were penally inflicted on his posterity, has been held by the church during the past ages, and is clearly a doctrine of revelation. St. Paul, in Rom. 5: 12, teaches that by the one sin of our federal head death entered into the entire world or fountain of humanity and passed upon all men because all sinned in Adam in the same sense that all died in him. In the 16th verse we are taught that the reign of death was by judgment upon condemnation of the race for the sin of Adam; and in verse 18 he affirms that solely for Adam's one offence "judgment" upon condemnation came upon all men. That the condemnation of the race was according to God's righteous justice is evident, since it required an infinite atonement in order to their justification and deliverance. Pure law will justify or acquit the naturally innocent. The physical and spiritual nature of every human being truly and literally existed in the loins of Adam when he sinned and fell under the threatened penalty of death; and therefore it inevitably follows that the physical and spiritual nature of every human being existing in the loins of Adam also fell under the sentence of death absolute and eternal, when in the

purely legal covenant. As Levi paid tithes to Melchisedec and received from him a blessing when as yet he was in the loins of his Father Abraham, in like manner the entire race sinned against God and received from His hand a curse when as yet they were in the loins of their federal head.

This the Apostle sets forth in verse 20. The law or penalty consequent upon Adam's offence, entered and so abounded as to pervade the entire fountain of humanity, before grace arrested it in its fearful progress, and so death passed upon all men, for all die. That as Adam's sin (verse 21) hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through the second Adam unto life eternal. Man's transition from the legal covenant to the covenant of grace so changed his relation to the divine administration as that the sentence of death under which the entire race fell by the first sin and which was absolute and irrevocable under the first covenant, became conditionally reversible to every one of the race in gracious probation. The race in the first covenant as sinners was under the operation of primitive justice solely. But when placed by sovereign grace in the gracious covenant, all came under the two forces of justice and grace; and the entire race have been under the mixed administration of justice and grace ever since the fall of Adam.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth verses we are taught that sin is not punished when there is no law. But the death penalty that reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them who had not sinned, including infants, after the similitude of Adam's transgression, proved that they were under law; and also that the penalty of death was not inflicted on these generations for their own actual sins, for they had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, but solely for the sin of Adam. Adam was created holy, and sinned against a precept from the mouth of God and under a legal system, and thereby incurred the penalty of eternal death both upon himself and his seminal posterity. Arminians have always held that God was under no obligation to redeem the race. Had they been left under the operation of primitive justice solely, Adam would have suffered forever. His seminal posterity would have suffered the effects of the curse unconsciously. The justice of God forbids the notion that Adam would have propagated a race had there been no redemption. We, on the contrary, are all bought with a price—all are saved from wrath through Christ.

The conscious existence of the race being the fruit of the atonement, therefore all who enter the realm of probation are conditionally entitled to eternal life, and liable conditionally to eternal death both for original and actual sin. The sentence of death under which we are born being rendered conditional by sovereign grace, implies a gracious free agency and probation, with every requisite provision whereby we may be aided to work out our own salvation from the guilt of our original and actual sin. Calvinists attempt to involve our system in the same injustice of their own doctrine, which dooms the reprobates to unavoidable damnation solely for the sin of Adam. They argue as follows: "If God can so impute the sin of Adam to the entire race as to constitute in them a desert of the penalty of death, physical, spiritual, eternal, there can be no justice in its infliction, and therefore the damnation of the reprobates solely for Adam's sin is just." We have seen that the race might have perished in the loins of Adam in the primitive probation in justice; God being under no obligation to rescue them from eternal ruin. But since the atonement has been operative in giving the race a conscious and ineliminable existence, justice requires that with this existence they have the gracious opportunity of escaping the penalty of death, otherwise our existence would be an infinite curse. If God who spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all, had not with Him freely provided for the salvation of us all, but had left us in hopeless ruin, would not such a procedure have been cruel and unjust? A system of mercy being commenced, justice requires that what is necessary to the system be supplied, else it might by its incompleteness result in great injustice.

Is it not an exhibition of stupendous folly to view a part of the divine administration separately from the rest, and then transfer its abstract character to the whole system? The whole race had become sinners and under the wrath of God by reason of Adam's sin. This is no "fiction," but is explicitly stated: "By the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation. In Adam all die." But this condemnation of the race as sinners in the first covenant was absolute and irrevocable. The notion that it was absolute after the race was placed in the gracious covenant, destroys the gracious system. Although all unbelievers are under wrath and condemnation, still when they are in gracious probation they are conditionally entitled to a reversal of the sentence of death and to eternal life, and at the same time conditionally liable to eternal death for original and actual sin. The doctrine that denies hereditary guilt and the penal character of the direful consequences resulting to the race from the sin of our federal head, stands exposed to those valid objections that are fatal to the Pelagian system.

We confess that we have no sympathy with that sentimental and toothless theology which ignores the penal character of the consequences of Adam's sin which have resulted to all men through the judgment upon condemnation; and which renders void the necessity of the atonement made by Jesus Christ by affirming the natural innocence of the race; and which attributes the evils of physical and spiritual death attendant upon man's probation, to the operation of natural laws, as though death is the natural result of our original creation, and that natural laws operate independently of the will of God.

Adams, N. Y.

LOUISIANA NOTES.

BY REV. J. C. HARTWELL.

Saturday, Jan. 23, was a glad day for our Methodism in New Orleans and Louisiana. Ground was broken for a \$30,000 building for the New Orleans University. The present buildings were put in good shape last year, but they are crammed full. These buildings will be given up entirely to the accommodation of Gilbert Haven School of Theology as soon as the new building can be occupied.

The ground-breaking ceremonies were arranged by a committee consisting of Bishop Mallaleu, Rev. L. P. Cushman, Rev. P. Laundry and Rev. S. Priestley. In spite of the rain, a large crowd was present. Speeches were made at the four corners of the main part of the structure, by Bishops Bowman and Walden, Dr. Rust, Rev. Marcus Dale, Rev. E. Williams, Rev. S. Duncan, Dr. Albert, and the writer. At each corner a stake was driven, and Bishop Bowman inaugurated the plan that every stake should represent \$25. He gave four, and passed the mallet to another, who followed in like manner, and then another, until over \$2,500 were subscribed at the four corners.

One interesting feature of the ceremonies was the part taken by the ladies. At the first corner Bishop Bowman asked Mrs. Mallaleu to help him turn the sod. She did so gladly. Mrs. Mallaleu has entered heartily with her husband into his work in the South, and is already endeavoring herself to help people there by her intelligent and helpful plans in their behalf. At the second corner Mrs. Emperor Williams helped Bishop Bowman do the digging. At the third corner Mrs. Marcus Dale aided Dr. Rust, and at the fourth corner the wife of the writer was to have aided him. The rain delayed her arrival, and in her place was substituted a little negro boy—a prophecy of the future vigor and self-helpfulness of this people.

Many interesting sentiments were expressed by various speakers. Rev. Emperor Williams, a slave in New Orleans for over forty years, said: "Sometimes I wonder if this is the world I was born in." Rev. Marcus Dale said: "Twenty-five years ago this was a high misdemeanor to teach a negro to read. Now the ground is being broken for a magnificent building in which negro youth are to be educated." Dr. Albert said: "This institution represents Christian Havenism." Each corner had its sentiment. At the first Bishop Walden expressed the hope that the building might be speedily finished without accident. At the second Dr. Rust said: "I would have, this represent the digging of a grave into which caste and slavery shall be buried forever." At the third corner Bishop Bowman said: "I would put the superstructure over that grave and bury those relics of barbarism forever and ever." At the fourth corner the writer expressed the hope that as the grave was the passport to immortality, so this double burial ought to symbolize that new and better future already begun for the negro and the whole South.

The building is to be large and well arranged for college work, dormitories and boarding hall. It will be 156 feet wide in front, facing on St. Charles Avenue, and 120 feet deep. The chapel will be 60 feet long. The building will be completely divided off, each sex occupying one side. Work has been begun by the builders, Messrs. Adams of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Money! Money! Who will help foot the bills for this splendid work? Sixty thousand negroes are within five miles of the spot where that building will stand. More than five hundred thousand negroes are within two hundred and fifty miles of the spot! Vast proportions of these multitudes are perishing for the lack of knowledge. Bishop Mallaleu has become responsible for raising one-fourth of the money as raised, and upon me falls the work of raising the other three-fourths. Here is one of the grand opportunities of the hour for those who have means, to invest it for the Lord and receive a hundred-fold in return.

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE.

The eighteenth session of the Louisiana Conference, Bishop Bowman presiding, closed Feb. 1, at Monroe, La. The past has been a prosperous year. A large number of new churches have been built, and the increase in membership and Sunday-school scholars has been healthy. Bro. Cushman on the New Orleans district reported several churches erected where New England friends had given generous aid. The results of Bishop Mallaleu's influence and work were manifested in many ways, and always for good. Nineteen were received on probation into the Conference, and a class of twenty-three remain on trial. One hundred and forty-five preachers were stationed. Drs. Spencer and Taylor were officially present and made excellent addresses.

The Conference was enthusiastic over the prospect of a new university building at New Orleans. Three years ago the Conference pledged \$10,000 to New Orleans University. Over \$35,000 have already been paid into the treasury. By unanimous vote the Conference indicated the presiding elders to appoint \$2,000 to the various charges to be raised before the first of next June. This indicates a healthy sentiment on the line of self-help.

W. H. M. S. WORK AT SAVANNAH, GA.

BY MRS. J. L. WHETSTONE.

The past quarter has been one of interest and marked prosperity in Haven Industrial Home and School at Savannah, Ga. During the session of the Savannah Conference in December a very interesting dedicatory service was held

by Bishop Mallaleu. Addresses were made by the Bishop, Prof. Thirkield and others. In his prayer the Bishop asked the Lord that two great gifts might be speedily added to the building. He so fully realized the need of a greater work there, that he has since written and urged that we enlarge our work fourfold at as early a date as possible. He adds: "I shall be exceedingly glad to co-operate with you in making this child of yours all that I see it to be really capable of." He speaks in the highest terms of our schools and our teachers. He considers the school a pressing need, and that without it, our other work would be of little avail. We have 120 scholars in the day school. Every seat is occupied, and chairs are placed in the hall, and almost daily applications have to be refused for want of room. Most of the scholars evince a great desire for education, and are making rapid progress. We expect that ere long a number will be ready to go to Clark University or other similar institutions where they can take a thorough course of study. New hopes and aspirations have been awakened in the hearts of boys and girls. One boy says, "It has been the height of my ambition to keep a grocery where I could have all the sugar and cakes that I wanted, but now," he says, "my great desire is to be a good boy, to be an earnest Christian, and when I am a man, to be a minister of the Gospel and to lead souls to Christ." Two of our girls are already planning to go to Africa. So marked are the gifts and graces of one that she is called "Young Amanda Smith." By going out with our missionaries when they give Bible readings and hold cottage prayer-meetings, and visit the sick, the hospitals and jail, these girls will become trained missionaries. Thus are we developing a missionary training school in our Industrial Homes.

This is not an orphan asylum, as some may suppose. Most of our girls are quite large, ranging from fifteen to eighteen years. We have one woman, a young widow, who is preparing herself for missionary work and to teach music. Miss Keely has a number of girls who give promise of becoming good music teachers. Some of them are delicate girls, who could never earn a living by hard work. We have others who are making excellent progress as machinists, and are learning to cut various garments, and assisting in teaching in the sewing schools. They will be qualified to do family sewing. All are being trained to do the household, and to do it well, and we expect that whatever else they learn, they will all learn to be good housekeepers.

There are thirty girls and four boys now at the Home, who, with the teachers, constitute a family of thirty-seven. The boys are kept busy when not in school at work in the yard and garden. The garden had been planted and was doing well, when the cold weather came and destroyed it. We have re-planted, and hope for a good harvest. The grape vines and fruit trees planted last fall are doing well, and we expect ere long not only to raise our own vegetables, but to have a good supply of fruit from our own trees and vines. Were you to enter this Home, you would find it a very busy home from 5 o'clock in the morning till 9 o'clock at night, all busily engaged in performing their own duty, and the days all too short for what might be done. Our missionaries write of the open doors that might be entered, but want of time and strength forbids. Truly, the field is white for the harvest, but the laborers are few. How wonderfully the Lord has blessed the work of three devoted women who have labored so faithfully! The influence of the Home is such that no one has remained long in it without having been converted. At present but one remains out of the fold, and she, no doubt, will soon come in. The religion of the girls and boys is not spasmodic, but we are told, is really seen and felt in their every-day life. We might speak of the prayer-meetings, the class-meetings, the Band of Hope, and other meetings, which help to make the home a great centre of usefulness with a far-reaching influence for good, not only in the city, but into the surrounding country.

"Haven Home Mission" at Speedwell is another great power for good, and a monument to the untiring perseverance of our missionaries. The pretty little white school-house with its green shutters, so neatly finished and furnished, and deeded to W. H. M. S. free of debt, was dedicated in December by Bishop Mallaleu. Here there is a large Sunday-school and occasional preaching, and we expect to have a day-school, which is greatly needed. During this quarter we have received special donations for the work, and have been enabled to redeem three of the mortgage notes given for the purchase of the property, reducing the indebtedness on account of the property \$1,666.67, and reducing the amount of interest to be paid annually to the sum of \$116. Should we not each endeavor to see that the same result shall be reached during the next quarter?

For the three months of October, November and December, 1885, there was paid for provisions for table an average of \$126.70 per month, being for a family of thirty-four an average of \$3.62 each; and adding the amount paid for fuel, lights and laundry expenses, the average cost of each inmate was \$4.27 per month. This statement cannot but show that the inmates of the Home are being taught true economy, to take care of and to make the most of what they have. The expenses of ten of the inmates are paid by their friends, and a few of the others pay a part, to the extent of their ability. Several are paid for by individuals, some of whom are not even members of our Society. Others are provided for by Bands, to whom the work has proved a great blessing. There are a few still to be provided for, which we hope may soon be done.

[Since the above was written the last girl has been converted.]

Our Book Table.

REASON AND REVELATION: Hand in Hand, by Rev. Thomas Martin McWhinney, D. D. Crown 8vo. 504 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert. For sale in Boston by Estes & Lauriat. We have examined this book with much satisfaction. It is written in a popular style; is admirably candid in its presentation of its argument, showing the reasonableness of revelation. Perhaps at times its admissions in reference to modern criticism upon the sacred scriptures are full and generous enough; but, on the whole, we know of no volume that we would more readily place in the hands of a young Christian disciple for the confirmation of his faith, or for the aid and to the reading of one troubled with doubts in reference to revealed religion, than this excellent work. It treats of the nature of religion; of the Bible, its origin, history and claims; of Theism as compared with Agnosticism, Pantheism, and Atheism; of Anthropology, Demology and Christology. We heartily commend the book to our intelligent readers as a very valuable and substantial contribution to the literature of Christian apologetics.

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS, by Helen Davies Brown. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 12mo. This is a pleasantly-written novel of no very considerable dramatic power or exciting incident. It recounts, in a lively manner, college incidents in a ladies' institution for the higher education, bringing out the natural ambitions of aspiring girls, and affording a fine opportunity for heroic, self-sacrificing generosity. It is, withal, a story of love, which finds its happy consummation after the college graduation. Love, not of laughs at locksmiths, but at post-graduate opportunities.

ATLANTA IN THE SOUTH: A Romance, by Maud Howe. 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25. Miss Howe shows a growing power in her fiction. This is far her best up to the present hour. It is written with much dramatic power and skill in the portrayal of character and description of Southern scenes and scenery. The heroine, who is finely pictured, is a beautiful Northern girl, of rare artistic genius. She visits the South with her father, who was a general officer in the late war. The romance has naturally grown out of the late extended visit of Mrs. Howe and her daughter in New Orleans. The volume presents an attractive picture of every-day life and society. The young artist draws around her an interesting circle. The title of the book is that of her *chef-d'œuvre* in art. The artist meets her fate in her Southern visit. The hero is a character of the South, with southern tastes and ethical codes. The book will not fail to find readers.

THE SPINX CHILDREN, AND OTHER PEOPLE'S, by Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 12mo. \$1.50. The volume bears the name of the first, but not the most memorable, story of this excellent and wholesome series. As a story, it is not so attractive. The second is the famous "Deacon's Week." There are sixteen others. These bright tales, all carrying happy lessons of character and conduct, have appeared in the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and *Godey's*, and in weekly sheets. They are well worthy of their present neat and permanent form.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Discovery of the Country, in 1492, to the Year 1885, by Emory E. Childs. New York: Baker & Taylor. 16mo. \$1.00. For sale in Boston by C. H. Wadsworth. This is a fine series of school-text-books of history is the introduction, under the different eras, of notices of manufacturing and commercial progress, of other business industries, with important and interesting social events and public incidents. The work seems to be well prepared, but is so weighted with local incidents that, while it is interesting to read, and useful for reference, it would be a burden to the memory of the young student.

HOLY WEEK IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL: being Seven Lectures by Edward Verrier, Esq., D. D., at the Cathedral of Norwich. New York: E. J. B. Young & Co. 12mo. These lectures are very aptly and happily founded upon the members of the body of the Lord Jesus Christ—His Sacred Head, His Feet, His Hands, His Eyes, His Breast, His Mouth and His Side—all introduced by appropriate Scriptures. The verses are carefully interpreted and annotated, and some of the most beautiful and instructive sentences are drawn from them. The discourses were first delivered without a manuscript, and reported from the lips of the speaker, which gives a freshness and freedom to the style, while they were afterwards carefully revised. The little volume, like all the writings of the eminent Dean, is spiritual, stimulating and edifying.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS, by Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo. \$1.00. This is an original and very entertaining little book. The separate letters appeared first in the *St. James Gazette* (London), and form, as collected in this neat volume, a rare brochure of literary skill. The letters are addressed to some of the leading writers of modern and classic times—to Thackeray, Dickens, Walter Scott, Poe, Shelley, Byron, Isaac Walton, Burns, to Herodotus, Lucian, Rabelais, Sir John Maudeville, Keats, Theophrastus, and others. These letters were skillfully referred to the times, the characteristics, the opinions and expressed sentiments of the different writers to whom they are addressed. The book is both instructive and interesting to the general reader and student of history.

Harper & Bros. publish a neat American edition of THE LIFE OF GREEK STATESMEN—a second series—by Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart., M. A. 16mo. 296 pp., small but clear type, 75 cents. In this volume the cultivated author gives sketches of the lives and times of the leaders of the politics and military movements of Greece during the long and fatal struggles between Athens and Sparta, opening with Herodotus, and closing with Herodotus. It is a history of the progress of history, rendered all the more vivid by its relation to the personal ambitions and characteristics of conspicuous men. The manuals of the ancient world have met with appreciative acceptance, and have given even a popular interest to Greek history and to Grecian social and public life.

Robert Carter & Brothers issue THE PARABLES OF CHRIST, by A. L. O. E. 16mo. \$1.00. These inimitable stories of our Lord are very happily presented and illustrated by the gracious lady who has written such a library of excellent and attractive Sunday-school books. The volume has a number of quaint and antique wood-cuts. It was written primarily for the instruction of the Hindoo children, where the author is now engaged in missionary labors.

LEAVES FROM MAPLE LAWS, by William White, with an Introduction by Richard Henry Stoddard. 18mo. Bound in parchment, \$1.50. For sale

in Boston by W. B. Clarke & Carruth. This pretty volume contains a body of meditative and sentimental poetry, showing a facility of versification, and, in many instances, presenting verses of striking poetic power. About half of the book is devoted to original hymns, some of them of marked merit. The introduction of Mr. Stoddard is an interesting discussion of hymns and hymn writers, and their place in literature. Readers fond of hymns will find a source of interest and comfort in this handsome volume.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS AND OTHER LITERARY PIECES, by Frederick Harrison. New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo. Paper covers, 50 cents. For sale in Boston by Cripples, Upham & Co. The subject of the first edition, in wide discussion. Some of the leading English writers have given lists of their favorite books. It is interesting to see the variety of tastes and judgments. Mr. Harrison covers a wide field. He discusses the questions, how to read, the poets of the old and of the modern world, and the mission of the book. It is a very thoughtful and judicious selection. The other essays have appeared in the leading English periodicals, and bear all of them the marks of this incisive, clear, and positive writer.

VOCATION; OR, THE CALL OF THE MASTER to a Sister's Life, by Rev. Charles C. Grafton. New York: E. J. B. Young & Co. 16mo. This is a well-written, and very thoughtful and judicious selection. It shows clearly the necessity of a call to this work, the opportunity offered for usefulness, the characteristics requisite for hopeful success in this career, a source of inspiration and comfort. The reader may not always agree with the writer, but he will appreciate the Christlike and consecrated spirit, in those who can enter upon such a life. It is a book which every young lady who is called to this work will find a choice counselor.

In Harper's Handy Series we have "Auntie's Life," sketches and stories, by that delightful writer, the author of "Bootsie's Baby," "The Winter," "Harriet," "A Study," "The Hon. Emily Lawless," and "In Shadow Waters," a novel, by Anne Armitage, etc.

Magazines. One had better lunch on a penny and a glass of water the odd days of the week, than miss securing for his very own the April issue of *Harper's Magazine*. What a good thing does not this list of contributors give! Warner, Blackmore, Roe, "H. H.," Mr. Craik, Mrs. Woolson, Mrs. Vanhook, with others less familiar. The approach of summer has heralded by Warner's "Their Pilgrimage," with its charming descriptions of some of our cold-water watering-places. These papers will prove a hit, or we are mistaken. The opening chapters of Blackmore's "Springwater," by Mrs. Vanhook, "King Arthur" show that few of the writers of these authors will miss these new series from their skillful pens. Mrs. Craik has a lesson to teach that cannot fail to do much good. For readers who have not read a story, the lamented "H. H." E. P. E. practical hints in "The Home Art" will beautify many a country home, and fill an otherwise idle hour with useful and healthful occupation. A charming bit of Italian life comes to us in Mrs. Vandyne's "Neapolitan Sketches," with their beautiful illustrations. Mr. Robinson rapidly and cursorily sketches the "Going down to the Sea in Slippers" of the past ages, bringing a wide sweep of the history of navigation into the compass of a few pages. "Plebeian and Aristocratic Pigeons" is a beautiful study of the history of the pigeon, and also instructive. "Cattle-raising on the Plains" describes a great industry and how it is conducted. The heavy, or rather solid, paper of the magazine is a pleasure to the eye, and the illustrations of Civil Service Reform. We are disappointed as we turn to the editorial pages and listen to Curtis' talk from his well-willed Easy Chair; or read what he has to say about the "Civil Service Study" or look over what Warner displays of the contents of his *Drawings*. We have failed to note another instance of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Abbey's masterly drawings putting new life into the old and familiar text.

There are some very fine illustrations in the April *Wide Awake*, among which is an ideal picture of Easter, and an April Fool scene. In trying to find the meaning of the latter, one is likely to be made an April Fool of. Kate Parnham Osgood, Lucy Larcom, and Mary Lathbury have each contributed a poem. It is needless to say that each of these poets is a first-class writer. These well-known authors are gifted with the true spirit of poetry. Mr. Sherwood, in her "Royal Girls," writes of Carmen Sylvia, the Queen of Spain, and of the Queen of Madam Recanier. Both of these authors are furnishing instruction of great value to the young, and each possesses the power to entertain as well as to instruct. The three serial stories, "Captivating," "The Historic Girl," and "Amanda Harris," introduces the Gary sisters. She likens her early history to that of the Brontë sisters, quotes extracts from their prose and poetic works, and gives altogether a delightful paper of those noble and gifted women. Mr. Treat, in her "Cave Spiders," reveals the marvelous insight possessed by the spider, and the intricate web of its life. An entertaining and highly amusing account of an "Arab Dinner." Mrs. Powers tells what to do in emergencies, and giving answers to old questions. The Postmaster gives the last page of Dorothy's garden journal. Verily the whole magazine is as gentle and as refreshing as April showers.

The April *St. Nicholas* has a beautifully engraved frontispiece, with the bit of information, "I am sure you are a prince," said the princess. The Lord Fauntleroy is still beloved, like the wonderfully good "The Historic Girl" of the present number is a Chinese maid called Woo, the high-spirited and dainty. The seventh paper of "Morally Conducted" takes its readers to Mount High, situated on the northern bank of the Lucerne. The paper is very entertaining one, and the illustrations are good. Horace E. Scudder relates George Washington's "Farewell to War." Mr. Scudder has succeeded in collecting some very interesting reminiscences in the life of Washington. Edward E. Hale contributes "Vacation Schools in Scotland," and Charles Burdett "Schools." Each article is abundantly and well illustrated. "A Visit to Shakespeare School," was made by Rev. Albert Donker, and he gives an account of the school of St. Nicholas, Jacobus the Pulpit gives much useful information. In "Editorial Notes" rules are given to pronounce the Chinese names found in the sketch of "The Letter Box" is full of bright letters, and the whole magazine is as refreshing as the glad spring-time.

tiful gifts, music, literary entertainment, and a bountiful supper made the occasion one long to be remembered.

The Family.

GILBERT HAYES.

BY REV. T. E. BRIGGS.

Oh, sainted leader of God's host,
Thy fragrant memory lives;
Of thy sweet life-to-day we boast,
So much to men it gives!

Thy very name suggests thy worth—
A haven deep and broad
Where many a storm-tossed son of earth
Found rest with thee in God.

No color, class, or country far
Was overlooked by thee,
For thou hadst hailed the rising star
Of world-wide liberty!

That friendly hand-clasp, black and white,
Upon the printed page
Cries, "Death to caste, long live the right
In Christ through every age!"

Oh, valiant leader, now in heaven,
Thou' dead thou speakest still;
"Press forward," is the watchword given
To all who heed God's will.

Thy life, so humble, bold and grand,
A guiding star shall be,
Till every land as one shall stand
For God and liberty!

Cambridge, April, 1886.

VERMONT REMINISCENCES

BY REV. DENNIS WELLS.

MR. EDITOR: In the appreciative notice of Rev. Charles Harding, in the issue of ZION'S HERALD of Oct. 14, 1885, I am reminded of some of the scenes of my early Christian life. His second field of ministerial labor—Lebanon, N. H.—is my native place, and where I was brought into the light and joy of salvation on that same ninth day of September, 1827, that Bro. Harding was converted in Putney, Vermont, and was a resident of Lebanon when he was there as assistant to Rev. Geo. Putnam. I often met with him in social meetings, and listened with pleasure and profit to his public ministrations. We were on intimate terms, and to me he was always a brother in Christ, beloved and appreciated highly. I subsequently had the privilege of an acquaintance with Miss N. Barrows, and her parents and their family, and was present at Bro. Harding's and Miss Barrows' marriage in Windham, Vt., in 1831.

I have digressed from the object for which I seated myself, viz., to correct a mistake in regard to the outcome of the revival on Lebanon circuit. Bro. Smith states that, "In Plainfield large numbers were saved, and among them five gifted young men, who subsequently became influential members of the Conference." So far as relates to "five young men," not one of them was furnished by Plainfield. A short account of the revival in 1827 and extending into 1828 in that circuit, and a brief notice relative to those young men, may be interesting to some and set the facts in their true light.

The Conference year 1827 Rev. Eleazer Steele was appointed to Lebanon, and Jonas Scott was junior preacher under the direction of the presiding elder, Rev. J. W. Hardy. After due consideration I united with the M. E. Church on trial (I think the last of April or first of May, 1828), and met with the class at Bro. Moody Noyes, or near there, in Rev. Robert Williams' neighborhood. Bro. Williams was a local preacher; he said about that time that nobody was finding any fault with them for being too religious. Not long after, there appeared to be a little more earnestness in the church. Bro. Williams especially became more deeply interested in the salvation of his children and others.

In June, 1828, he sent his second son to a camp-meeting in Brookfield, Vt., in company with Bro. J. Scott and myself, hoping and earnestly praying that he might be saved. God heard the prayer. Valerius was soundly converted. The first time his brother, Sylvester P., looked upon his happy face after his conversion, he was powerfully convicted.

Near the close of the Conference year, which occurred the last of July, Brother Steele held a quarterly meeting service in Lebanon, assisted by Rev. Geo. Storrs, who was the first Methodist preacher Lebanon furnished the itinerancy of the M. E. Church. A love-feast was held in Brother Moody Noyes' house—the first one I ever attended. A number manifested their desire to be saved from sin, among them Sylvester P. Williams. The public services that day were held in a grove in East Lebanon, a mile or so distant by a foot path through pastures and woods, much further by public roads. In the woods when going there, Brother C. Davis, of Canaan, Sylvester P. Williams and myself turned aside, and upon our knees earnestly besought the pardoning mercy of God. Ere we left, Sylvester's heart was filled with peace and joy.

The preaching in the grove was instructive, encouraging and persuasive. All those who manifested a desire at the love-feast to be saved were soon brought into the liberty of the children of God, among them a young man from Plainfield. "The night was far spent and the day at hand" on this charge, including Lebanon, Plainfield, Grantham, a part of Enfield, and perhaps a little of Croydon. The revival in Lebanon was progressing when Bro. Geo. Putnam and Bro. C. R. Harding were appointed to this field of labor (1828). Among others, Geo. W. Noyes and Charles H. Lovejoy were brought into the joy of salvation.

Bro. Putnam's and Bro. Harding's gifts or talents seemed to supplement each other. They labored faithfully and successfully, assisted by some of the young men of the church, who subsequently became members of Conference. After I had, by request of brethren of my class, held meetings for prayer and exhortation about two months, on Oct. 11, 1828, Brother Putnam gave me a license to exhort. If my

memory is not at fault, some time this Conference year, and I think soon after I received my license, Bro. S. P. Williams and Bro. George W. Noyes were licensed to exhort. Preachers and members, including, of course, the exhorters, worked together harmoniously, and God blessed our united efforts. The revival spread into every part of the circuit. Many souls were saved. To the Great Head of the church belongs the glory. He gave the increase. In June, 1829, Ira A. Swetland, a relative very dear to me, by an invitation from me, or rather an arrangement made with me, attended a camp-meeting in Canaan, N. H., where he found the "pearl of great price" and soon after united with the Methodists.

At the session of the New Hampshire and Vermont Conference at Barre, Vt., in 1830, Otis Dunbar, of Grantham, Sylvester P. Williams, George W. Noyes, and the writer of this, were admitted to the Conference on trial (with a goodly number of others), and two years later, with the exception of Bro. Dunbar (who was admitted one year after), were received into full connection.

At the Conference at West Windsor—Brownville—Bro. George W. Noyes asked for and received location on Saturday for the purpose of being with and assisting his father. The next day—Conference Sunday—on his way from his father's home in Lebanon to Plainfield to preach, his horse took a fright on a bridge east of Lebanon plain or centre, and jumped over the side into Mascoma river. Bro. Noyes was drowned. I have no doubt but that he had done good work as a preacher four years. As he had located, no obituary appeared in the Minutes of Conference.

Bro. S. P. Williams was appointed to some of the most important charges in the Vermont Conference, was presiding elder one term, transferred to Troy Conference in 1850, and was presiding elder a term.

Bro. Ira A. Swetland was received into the New Hampshire and Vermont Conference in 1831 on trial, did good service in both States, was transferred to Wisconsin about 1861 or 1862 and stationed at Madison, the capital of the State, to supply the place of a preacher who was appointed chaplain in a regiment of volunteers in the Union army. Bro. S. died at his home in Mauston, Wis., April, 1881. A local paper said: "Father Swetland was greatly beloved and esteemed in that place."

I presume Bro. O. Dunbar was a useful man. He located in 1852.

Bro. Charles H. Lovejoy resided with his father, Deacon Lovejoy, in Hanover. He first joined the close-communication Baptists in that town, was not suited, obtained a dismissal, but no letter of recommendation, and joined the Methodists in Lebanon. He was admitted on trial in the Maine Conference in 1834. Subsequently he was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference and about 1855 was transferred to Kansas, or located and emigrated to that place, and became a member of Kansas Conference.

At the time of that season of refreshing noticed in this article, the Methodists had no church edifice in Lebanon; they worshipped in school-houses, private dwellings, in the groves, and once at least in a barn. Our blessed Lord has greatly prospered them. They now have a very pleasant and convenient church building. I am an old man now, and of myself and work as a preacher my brethren in Vermont Conference doubtless will have the opportunity soon to say all they wish in a short obituary to be published in our Conference Minutes.

Warrenton, Vt.

A DOMESTIC REFORMATION.

BY LUTHERA WHITNEY.

We have greatest news at our house,
You might guess a week, and may be
I'd have to come and tell you then—
Aunt Maria's got a baby!

And mother laughed, and grandma cried,
And I didn't know what to do,
So I cried a little with grandma,
And laughed with my mother, too.

It is splendid for Aunt Maria,
She never had one before;
Her house was just as slick as a pin—
But it won't be any more.

She made me sit on the sofa,
And pick up my dolls from the floor,
She tumbled them into the closet,
But she never will any more.

For Uncle John writes: "The baby
Is a little girl," and you see,
Of course, that it stands to reason
She will play with dolls with me.

My mother folded the letter,
And said with a little smile,
"I think that Maria's art work
Will stop and rest for a while."

"She used to embroider slippers
And napkins by the score,
And bags and scarfs and curtains—
But she never will any more."

"And Maria's conversation,"
Grandma said, "is a dreadful bore,
Of play and party and concert—
But it won't be any more."

"Her house was so full of jim-cracks
You couldn't get through the door,"
Said papa as cross as could be,
"But it won't be any more."

You'll see in a moment surely
The family expectation,
That Aunt Maria's baby
Will work a reformation.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

THE LONE WOMAN ON A JOURNEY.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

Many American women can travel without giving the public the slightest inconvenience. They understand how to make themselves comfortable for a long ride, and as the train whizzes through the land, they eat, drink, read and sleep, with perfect equality. Under auspicious circumstances they can cross the continent, explore far

mous localities, ride up mountains, and balance upon the edges of precipices. Nay, more, my countrywomen cross the ocean and visit the Old World, viewing its treasures with rapture, or with the calm criticism that befits women of superior culture.

But, occasionally, one sees a woman who advertises herself, from the moment she leaves her own sheltering roof, as an "inexperienced traveler." Such an one sat just behind me the other day. It was the express train. The conductor had just escaped from her as I took my seat, and his parting words were: "You're all right, ma'am. Just keep your seat till you get to Mansfield."

In about three minutes she gave me a friendly nudge.
"Be you going to stop at Providence?"
I shook my head.

"Are you going by the way of Mansfield?"
"If it is between here and Boston, on this road, I am," I answered.

"Well, I'm going to Mansfield, and I want to make sure I'm right. I ain't used to traveling, so I thought I'd ask."

Just then the conductor came along, shouting as he passed through the car: "Express to Boston—stops at Providence and Mansfield only."

I nodded back at my neighbor, saying: "You see you are all right," mentally rejoicing that her problem was so happily solved.

In a few moments the conductor came in to look at tickets. He reached my friend, and she handed him a paste-board slip.

"I want to go to Mansfield," said she, "and not being much of a traveler."

"But this won't take you to Mansfield or anywhere else. This is nothing but a 'way check,'" said the conductor.

"Won't take me to Mansfield? But he put me on the train, and that's all he give me," said she in a puzzled tone.

"Well, all right. Give me fifty-five cents for your fare, then."

"I'm not in the habit of traveling alone," she murmured, as she produced the money.

The majestic guardian of the train took it and moved along, but she caught him by the arm.

"Look here! I ain't quite through with you. I want to go out on the Old Colony a piece after I get to Mansfield."

"Yes, that's all right. You'll get your ticket when you get there."

"When I get to Mansfield?"
"Yes; when you get to Mansfield!" and the conductor wrenched himself gently away, while she remarked with some spirit,—

"Well, I thought maybe you could give me one."

At Providence she seemed agitated, and watched matters closely, lest through some deep-laid plan she should be set back on her journey; but after the train again started, she sat patiently quiet, until the conductor appeared.

To her evident surprise and consternation, he was not her burly, gray-whiskered friend, but an alert, slender man, with a mustache.

Whether the gray-whiskered conductor had reached the end of his nerve, or left on her account, I shall never know, but at any rate here was a new man. As he approached she leaned forward and anxiously asked:—

"This train stops at Mansfield, doesn't it?"
"Yes, and at Mansfield only between here and Boston."

"I hope you have not made any mistake?"
"I hope I haven't! Tick-ets!" and the "new man" passed along.

I have forgotten to say that my neighbor carried a little shaggy ceru dog in her arms, and now she proceeded to pet him, and enjoy a book which the train boy had loaned for a brief inspection.

But as the train "slowed" at the larger stations, she invariably caught up satchel, umbrella and dog, ready for a hurried exit, and then, as the speed increased, settled back with a: "Well, I thought we'd got there, sure!"

But at length the train again slackened its speed, and two or three gentlemen folded their papers, buttoned their overcoats, and grasped their hand-bags.

"Is Mansfield the next place?" she inquired of the nearest one. He nodded. Once more, and finally, she gathered up satchel, shaggy dog, and umbrella.

"Mansfield!" called the conductor. "Mansfield!" shrieked the brakeman at the opposite end of the car. The train groaned and shivered and stopped beside a depot, which had the same magic name in immense letters over its door.

"Here I be at last," said my friend cheerfully as she hurried out. The last glimpse I had of her broad back, brown veil and ceru dog, was on the depot platform in hot pursuit of a man, just in advance of her, of whom she might inquire, I felt sure, where she could find her ticket and train "on the Old Colony." And before she allowed him to escape, I was positive she would also say: "I'm not in the habit of traveling alone."

THE GENTLEMAN AT THE PEQUOT HOUSE.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

When the only son of Daniel Drake was born, with no "silver spoon in his mouth," his parents sought to supply the deficiency by giving him an illustrious name. Consequently the baby was christened "Scipio Daniel Drake."

"We've giv'n him a history and a Scriptur' name," said his mother proudly, "and that's a better start than many a gentleman's son gets; and I hope a merciful Providence will lead him, till he gets to the land of glory."

We will pass over thirteen years of young Scipio's life, and present him again as a scholar in the public school of Weboset village. Following the minister's advice, the boy seized all the educational advantages within his reach; and here I hope the reader will do

all prejudice against color, when I confess the blood in his veins was fully three-fourths African.

Scipio studied hard, and despite his retreating forehead, proved to be really teachable, and stood well in his classes. He could not chalk his face and make it white, therefore there was a wide gulf between him and his schoolmates, and he was usually silent and solitary.

There was one boy who felt humiliated and wronged by being brought into contact with a negro. Alfred Grant was the son of a wealthy manufacturer, and he possessed, also, so large a capital in conceit and tyranny, that he was often called, "Alfred the Great." He was hated, and improved every opportunity to insult and abuse him, and the boy bore his ill-treatment with the submission of his race, and kept plodding on.

One morning, while the first class in arithmetic were occupying the recitation seats, Mr. Howe, the master, was called into the hall, and remained some time talking with one of the committee. Alfred had just been sent to the black-board, and after the door closed, a malicious purpose started in his heart, and an evil glare came into his eyes. He had taken private lessons of Mr. Hammond, the artist, and inherited marked talent for sketching from his dead mother. Taking a chalk pencil, he began drawing the outline of a figure on the board. Every moment or two he glanced towards Scipio as he worked. The pencil under his skillful hand made stroke after stroke with surprising rapidity, and in a very short space of time, a complete outline of Scipio appeared.

The likeness was perfect. It had the bold power of the genuine artist, and was a grand production for a beginner. There was the low forehead, flat nose, thick lips, and woolly hair of the negro. No one could fail to see an exact resemblance. Then Alfred wrote in a large plain hand underneath, "This is a portrait of Scipio Daniel Drake, our colored gentleman."

A low laugh ran through the class, and the contagious merriment was joined in by most of the other scholars, while a few clapped their hands in applause, but very quietly, so that no unusual noise could reach the ears of the teacher in the hall. Scipio was studying hard, with eyes fixed on the board, till a boy nudged him and pointed to the blackboard. He saw there a picture of himself, and a sharp pain darted through his heart. He could not turn pale, and his dark skin hid the hot blood which sprang to his cheeks; but he drew his arm across his eyes, and under his sleeve great tears fell thick and fast. Alfred glared in the spectacle of his sorrow, and laughed triumphantly, while he kept close watch of the door with brush in his left hand, ready to erase the picture with a dash the instant it opened.

Soon a voice was heard from behind: "Alfred, if you persevere, you will make a fine painter."

He gave a start of surprise, and turned quickly around. There stood Mr. Howe deliberately surveying his work. He had returned noiselessly to the school-room by another door.

"Your hand is good, but your heart is cruel," he said in a severe tone. Alfred grew very hot and red. Mr. Howe walked to his desk and opened the school register, and put down a certain mark against Alfred's name, showing gross misconduct, and pointed it out to him. A sum was then given him to perform on the board, but his agitation and vexation made it impossible for him to get the right answer. He failed, also, in giving the rule, and made such a ridiculous mistake that his classmates could not restrain their laughter.

When the session was over, the scholars were dismissed in order. Alfred followed Scipio to the playground, and gave him a smart blow on the shoulder.

"Nigger," he cried fiercely, "you've made me get two bad marks to-day. Show your black face here again, if you dare. We don't associate with colored gentry in this part of the country."

Scipio vouchsafed no reply. He started for home, and had reached the river when the sound of hurried feet from behind made him turn around. Alfred was following him, and in an instant he seized him by the collar with a powerful hand.

"Promise me you'll keep clear of 'e school-house, or I'll lick you to nothing. You can't bolt," he yelled savagely.

"Don't see why I haven't a right to go, if I am black. Dad pays a tax."

"A poll tax, and my father pays three hundred dollars. Pretty talk for a nigger. Guess you need a little water treatment to bring you to terms."

He dragged the trembling Scipio to the brink of the river, and thrust him head first into the water. The boy struggled, but his strength was far inferior to his enemy's, and he was completely in his power. He was submerged till breath was nearly gone. Then Alfred lifted him up dripping from head to foot, and with chattering teeth.

"What have you to say now, nigger?"
"I—promise not—to go—to school—any more," faintly articulated the conquered Scipio, gasping for breath.

The next day Scipio's seat in the school-room was vacant, and a month later the Drake family left the village.

Seven years passed.

When the midnight train stopped at one of our small northern cities, a pale, shivering, suffering young man stepped upon the platform leaning heavily upon the conductor. He had fallen sick on a long journey from the southwest, and was forced to stop at the nearest station.

"Go right to the Pequot House," said the polite conductor. "It's a first-class hotel, and you'll be well taken care of there."

Just then a young, good-looking colored man with the words, "Pequot House, Porter," on his shiny hat, came up.

"This gentleman is sick," said the conductor to him. "Get a carriage and take him to your house."

The sufferer was at once conveyed to the hotel. He gave his name as Alfred Grant. The porter "Daniel" remained with him through the night and tenderly ministered to him. When morning came, a physician was called, who declared a low bilious fever had settled upon him.

"Daniel," said Mr. Peters, the landlord, "Mr. Grant has especially requested to have you in close attendance upon him. He is a gentleman of means, influence, and family—an honor to our house. Give him every attention."

"I will, sir."

Mr. Grant's illness was not dangerous, but lingering, and several weeks passed before he could leave his room. Daniel attended him meanwhile with unceasing devotion. Every whim was gratified, and the nicest delicacies were brought to tempt his appetite. When he began going down stairs, he leaned heavily on Daniel for support; in short, this servant was the favorite of the house. He was a good musician, and often by request played upon his violin for the amusement of the guests.

"Daniel," said Mr. Grant one day with emotion, "you've taken care of me with the devotion of a woman. You are a splendid fellow—a complete gentleman in manners."

"A colored man can never be a gentleman."

"You are one. Your good deeds make you honored and beloved."

"You have called me that before, sir."

"When? where?" inquired Mr. Grant in surprise. "I cannot recall seeing you till I came here."

"Have you forgotten the negro boy, who attended school with you in Weboset, seven years ago? You drew a perfect likeness of me on the blackboard and wrote underneath, 'This is a portrait of Scipio Daniel Drake, our colored gentleman.'"

A low laugh ran through the class, and the contagious merriment was joined in by most of the other scholars, while a few clapped their hands in applause, but very quietly, so that no unusual noise could reach the ears of the teacher in the hall. Scipio was studying hard, with eyes fixed on the board, till a boy nudged him and pointed to the blackboard. He saw there a picture of himself, and a sharp pain darted through his heart. He could not turn pale, and his dark skin hid the hot blood which sprang to his cheeks; but he drew his arm across his eyes, and under his sleeve great tears fell thick and fast. Alfred glared in the spectacle of his sorrow, and laughed triumphantly, while he kept close watch of the door with brush in his left hand, ready to erase the picture with a dash the instant it opened.

Soon a voice was heard from behind: "Alfred, if you persevere, you will make a fine painter."

He gave a start of surprise, and turned quickly around. There stood Mr. Howe deliberately surveying his work. He had returned noiselessly to the school-room by another door.

"Your hand is good, but your heart is cruel," he said in a severe tone. Alfred grew very hot and red. Mr. Howe walked to his desk and opened the school register, and put down a certain mark against Alfred's name, showing gross misconduct, and pointed it out to him. A sum was then given him to perform on the board, but his agitation and vexation made it impossible for him to get the right answer. He failed, also, in giving the rule, and made such a ridiculous mistake that his classmates could not restrain their laughter.

When the session was over, the scholars were dismissed in order. Alfred followed Scipio to the playground, and gave him a smart blow on the shoulder.

"Nigger," he cried fiercely, "you've made me get two bad marks to-day. Show your black face here again, if you dare. We don't associate with colored gentry in this part of the country."

Scipio vouchsafed no reply. He started for home, and had reached the river when the sound of hurried feet from behind made him turn around. Alfred was following him, and in an instant he seized him by the collar with a powerful hand.

"Promise me you'll keep clear of 'e school-house, or I'll lick you to nothing. You can't bolt," he yelled savagely.

"Don't see why I haven't a right to go, if I am black. Dad pays a tax."

"A poll tax, and my father pays three hundred dollars. Pretty talk for a nigger. Guess you need a little water treatment to bring you to terms."

He dragged the trembling Scipio to the brink of the river, and thrust him head first into the water. The boy struggled, but his strength was far inferior to his enemy's, and he was completely in his power. He was submerged till breath was nearly gone. Then Alfred lifted him up dripping from head to foot, and with chattering teeth.

"What have you to say now, nigger?"
"I—promise not—to go—to school—any more," faintly articulated the conquered Scipio, gasping for breath.

The next day Scipio's seat in the school-room was vacant, and a month later the Drake family left the village.

Seven years passed.

When the midnight train stopped at one of our small northern cities, a pale, shivering, suffering young man stepped upon the platform leaning heavily upon the conductor. He had fallen sick on a long journey from the southwest, and was forced to stop at the nearest station.

"Go right to the Pequot House," said the polite conductor. "It's a first-class hotel, and you'll be well taken care of there."

Just then a young, good-looking colored man with the words, "Pequot House, Porter," on his shiny hat, came up.

"This gentleman is sick," said the conductor to him. "Get a carriage and take him to your house."

The sufferer was at once conveyed to the hotel. He gave his name as Alfred Grant. The porter "Daniel" remained with him through the night and tenderly ministered to him. When morning came, a physician was called, who declared a low bilious fever had settled upon him.

"Daniel," said Mr. Peters, the landlord, "Mr. Grant has especially requested to have you in close attendance upon him. He is a gentleman of means, influence, and family—an honor to our house. Give him every attention."

"I will, sir."

Mr. Grant's illness was not dangerous, but lingering, and several weeks passed before he could leave his room. Daniel attended him meanwhile with unceasing devotion. Every whim was gratified, and the nicest delicacies were brought to tempt his appetite. When he began going down stairs, he leaned heavily on Daniel for support; in short, this servant was the favorite of the house. He was a good musician, and often by request played upon his violin for the amusement of the guests.

"Daniel," said Mr. Grant one day with emotion, "you've taken care of me with the devotion of a woman. You are a splendid fellow—a complete gentleman in manners."

"A colored man can never be a gentleman."

"You are one. Your good deeds make you honored and beloved."

"You have called me that before, sir."

"When? where?" inquired Mr. Grant in surprise. "I cannot recall seeing you till I came here."

"Have you forgotten the negro boy, who attended school with you in Weboset, seven years ago? You drew a perfect likeness of me on the blackboard and wrote underneath, 'This is a portrait of Scipio Daniel Drake, our colored gentleman.'"

A low laugh ran through the class, and the contagious merriment was joined in by most of the other scholars, while a few clapped their hands in applause, but very quietly, so that no unusual noise could reach the ears of the teacher in the hall. Scipio was studying hard, with eyes fixed on the board, till a boy nudged him and pointed to the blackboard. He saw there a picture of himself, and a sharp pain darted through his heart. He could not turn pale, and his dark skin hid the hot blood which sprang to his cheeks; but he drew his arm across his eyes, and under his sleeve great tears fell thick and fast. Alfred glared in the spectacle of his sorrow, and laughed triumphantly, while he kept close watch of the door with brush in his left hand, ready to erase the picture with a dash the instant it opened.

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The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, March 30.

Death of Archbishop Trench, in his 69th year.

The car and locomotive shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Brainerd, Minn., destroyed by fire.

Ex-President Arthur reported better than he has been for some months.

Departure from Suda Bay of the Russian naval squadron, which joined the fleets of the other powers during a critical juncture in the dispute between Turkey and Greece.

Opposition to Australia to the annexation of the New Hebrides to France, under any conditions.

Wednesday, March 31.

Incumbent and unprecedented rains in the South, especially in Tennessee and Alabama.

Six warships, five brick warships, the Episcopal and Baptist churches, Masonic Hall, and fifty stores and houses in Key West, Fla., destroyed by a fire which raged fourteen hours, involving a property loss of \$1,500,000 and injuring fifteen persons.

Narrow escape of several workmen who were injured by the fall of a building undergoing alterations on Friend Street in this city.

Singular disappearance of Mr. Henry R. Nourse, of New York, treasurer of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

Sudden cessation of the aggressions of the Belgian strikers, quiet prevailing.

Two failures in the Glasgow iron trade reported.

Thursday, April 1.

Escape of Geromino and other captured Apache chiefs.

The striking Knights of Labor in the South-west ordered to resume work.

The people of Key West threatened with famine. Four thousand people thrown out of employment by the late great fire.

Great devastation caused by the Southern floods. Railroad communication suspended, towns under water, and live-stock drowned.

The steamer "Capitol City" of the Hartford and New York line, and the German steamer "Europa" ashore, the former on the rocks off Farns' Point, Conn., and the latter near Quogue Station, L. I.

President Grevy threatened by Paris anarchists.

Occurrence of a labor riot in St. John's, N. F.

The steamship "Resolute," a whaler and sealer, crushed in the ice off Notre Dame Bay, sinking immediately. Three of the crew missing. Twenty thousand seals were on board.

Occurrence of an explosion of petroleum on board a vessel in the roadstead at Baku, Russia. The vessel completely wrecked, and the crew of thirteen drowned.

Friday, April 2.

Celebration, yesterday, of the fifth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Lowell, Mass.

The sale of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway to the Atchison Company, consummated.

The Dutch brigantine "Frederick," from Rio Grande, Brazil, to Boston, with a cargo of hides valued at \$40,000, a wreck on the rocks at Seaboard Point. The crew saved.

Emancipation proclaimed in Corea.

The slaughter of four hundred more Catholic Christians reported from Annam.

Saturday, April 3.

Subsidence of the floods at the South, except at Chattanooga.

A thrilling rescue of a wrecked vessel's crew reported from No Man's Land.

The transcontinental railway war ended after being waged since Feb. 19, with a substantial victory for the Atchison Company.

Considerable damage by freshets reported in New England.

The strikers in the country estimated to number 35,000 against 52,000 one week ago.

Terrible destitution in Newfoundland reported.

The catch of codfish abroad already sufficient to supply the European market for the season.

An anti-Gladstone meeting of large proportions held in Guildhall, the lord mayor of London presiding.

Monday, April 5.

Occurrence of a short and bloody conflict between police and strikers at Fort Worth, Texas, resulting in three casualties on the side of the law, and three among the rioters.

The damage by flood in Alabama alone estimated at \$200,000.

An appeal for help issued by the stricken citizens of Key West, Fla.

Eight prominent and wealthy Californians under indictment for subornation of perjury in connection with government land entries.

Passage of the labor arbitration bill by the national House.

Death of another of the wolf-bitten Russians who have been under treatment by M. Pasteur.

No person ever regrets purchasing good cloth, and having it made up at a first class establishment. Fabrics which sell at low prices, are seldom satisfactory to the purchaser, while good clothes made into well fitting garments are a constant comfort. Gentlemen who desire the best, will find it for their advantage to call at Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 and 20 School Street, who keep a choice line of imported woolen clothes.

THE LOW PRICES for elegant carpets at Joel Goldthwait & Co., 160 Washington Street, Boston, surprise and delight their host of customers.

CORY, P., April 16, 1884.

BAILEY REFLECTOR CO. - Reflector gives universal satisfaction. I do not hesitate to say that it is the best Reflector I ever saw. It lights our whole audience room perfectly without the aid of side or wall burners; and we do not need one even at the pulpit.

Yours, W. N. SLOAN,

Pastor Presbyterian Church.

A stylish and perfect fitting shoe is an article highly prized by every gentleman. In this connection we desire to call attention to H. T. Marshall's Patent Adjustable Lace Congress Shoe advertised in another column. It is destined to be the coming shoe as it has many meritorious points which will be appreciated by all.

Friends having business in New York City will find the GRAND UNION HOTEL, on 42d Street, opposite Grand Central Depot, one of the best of the many Hotels in the city. It has recently been refitted nearly throughout, and its accommodations are of the first-class. Its manager, Mr. W. D. GANNON, is always attentive to the wants of his guests and insists that the same attention shall be shown by every employee under him. We have tried the GRAND UNION on many occasions for a number of years past, and can cordially recommend it and its genial host to our friends, when either pleasure or business calls them to the Metropolis.

RECEPTION TO BISHOP WARREN AND BISHOP ANDREWS. - The monthly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at the People's Church, corner of Columbus Avenue and Berkeley Street, Boston, on Monday, April 12, 1886, at 12 o'clock p. m. Dinner will be served at 1:12 o'clock. The Union will give a reception to Bishop Warren and Bishop Andrews, both of whom will address the Union. Choice vocal and instrumental music will be furnished. Ladies are invited. Men may procure tickets at the store of James P. Magee, 38 Bromfield St., Boston, for themselves at fifty cents each, and ladies accompanying them at one dollar each, by showing their annual tickets. Tickets for all others \$1.25 each. No tickets will be sold after 12 m. of Monday, April 12.

WILLARD S. ALLEN, Secy.

NOTICE. - The Anniversary of the New England Southern Conference Temperance Society will be observed in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Brookline, Mass., on Wednesday evening, April 14. Speakers, Rev. H. W. Conant, of Providence, and Rev. Hugh Montgomery, of Worcester, Mass. The Annual Meeting for the election of officers will follow these services. Per order secretary.

MAINE CONFERENCE RAILROAD NOTICE. - National arrangements for the Conference have been made as follows: -

The Maine Central and its branches, within the bounds of Maine Conference, will sell all persons going to the Conference at Bridgton, round trip excursion tickets from the several stations to Bridgton and return for one fare only.

The Portland & Ogdensburg, and the Bridgton & Saco River roads will sell excursion tickets over their roads from all points to Bridgton, and return, for one fare only.

Persons in attendance at the Conference who come over the Portland & Rochester, Seaboard, Sandy River roads, and pay one full fare over these roads to their junction with the M. C. & P. O., will be furnished with free return checks over these roads at the Conference by the railroad secretary.

The Boston & Maine (Grand Trunk) will sell tickets to the Conference at all stations east of Portland and return, for two cents per mile.

The Grand Trunk Railway will sell round trip excursion tickets at all stations east of Portland, including Gorham, N. H., to Portland or Norway for one fare, providing the person holds a certificate from Rev. L. Rice, showing he is entitled to purchase such ticket. I will furnish a certificate to all persons going to Conference on application.

Persons going by the way of Norway and stage to Bridgton, will be carried on the stage for one fare only, \$1.25 for the round trip.

Tickets on all these roads will be good to any day up to and including May 1. Good to return till May 8.

N. B. Round trip tickets must be purchased on the Maine Central, P. & O., and Bridgton and Saco River roads, for no return passes will be given over these roads.

L. LUCE, R. R. Secy.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE - RAILROAD NOTICE. - The Concord road and branches will sell round trip tickets for two cents per mile from Portsmouth, Greenland, Newmarket Junction, Epping, Raymond, Candia, Salem, Derry, Manchester, Hooksett and Suncook to Concord.

The Boston & Maine at same rate from Rochester, Great Falls, Dover, Newmarket, East Kingston, Haverhill, Newburyport and Lawrence, to Lowell.

The Boston & Lowell at same rate from Lawrence, Lowell, Nashua, Andover, Peterborough, and Hancock Junction, to Keene. The Northern Division, from Enfield, Canaan and Lebanon to White River Junction, from Bristol and Franklin to Concord. The White Mountain Division, from Groveton, Lancaster, Whitefield, Jefferson, Littleton and Lisbon, to Wells River. From Warren, Rumney, Plymouth.

Laconia and Tilton, to Concord. Claremont branch, from Concord, Concord, Henniker, Hillsboro, Andover, Hancock Junction, to Keene. From Sunapee and Newport, to Claremont Junction. The Passumpsic Central Vermont and Chesham roads will give free return passes to all who pay full fare over their roads, at the Conference, as heretofore.

The Concord River and Ashuelot roads will give free return passes upon application to the conductors when their tickets are taken up. This will also be done from Windsor and Claremont Junction to Belknap Falls, the Sullivan Co. road.

At all the stations named above, on the Concord, Boston & Maine, and Boston & Lowell roads, round trip tickets will be found, and at no other. Tickets from Boston to Keene via Nashua will be found at the Book Rooms, 38 Bromfield St., at the reduced rate.

Trains leave Concord for Keene at 7 a. m., and 12 p. m.

Concord, N. H. S. HOLMAN.

R. R. NOTICE - NEW ENGLAND SOUTHERN CONFERENCE, March 18, Boston, Mass. - All persons attending the Conference at Boston, and paying full regular rates over the Boston & Providence and Old Colony Railroads, will be furnished with free return tickets at the Conference.

The New York & New England road promises no reduction. They may see the folly of their decision, and retract. If so, we will not object. If not, we will not object. If so, we will not object. If not, we will not object.

The New York, Providence & Boston will treat us as last year. Also, the Vineyard Steamboat Co.

GEO. M. HANSEN, Sec. Transportation.

NOTICE. - Bishop H. W. Warren will preach in the People's Church next Sunday, at 3 p. m. The afternoon hour is selected to accommodate members of other churches.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY. - The semi-annual meeting of the W. H. M. S. will be held on Tuesday, April 13, in Bromfield St. Church, Boston. Sessions at 10 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. There will be a public meeting on Wednesday evening in the People's Church, at 7:30. Speakers: - Miss Collins, a teacher among Dakota Indians twelve years; Mrs. Rev. N. A. Alden, of New Hampshire; Rev. L. A. Banks, of Seattle, W. T.; Rev. A. Wright, Dean Chautauque School of Theology, and others. Mrs. A. F. Newman, of Nebraska, is expected to speak. All intending to visit the Conference are cordially invited - so arrange that they can attend these meetings on their way there.

Mrs. L. H. DAGGETT, Sec. Com. J. H. MANFIELD.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. V. A. Cooper, Baldwin Place House, Boston.

Mrs. V. A. Cooper and Miss Hattie B. Cooper, 11 Pleasant Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

Rev. G. S. Denton, Lenox, Kas.

CORRECTION - NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE R. R. NOTICE. - By a later arrangement with the Fitchburg R. R., all persons going to the Conference at Newburyport, will be furnished with purchase regular tickets at the station to Boston, and receive return checks at the Conference.

Passengers over the B. & A. R. R. who do not take up their tickets at the station, will be required to pay full fare for the round trip.

Those going from any station on the Boston & Maine R. R., either division, will ask for tickets to the "Methodist Conference at Newburyport." These will be counter-signed at Conference, and will give return passage free.

C. S. ROGERS, Springfield, Mass.

JUBILEE OVER THE RAISING OF THE DEBT OF THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH OF WAKEFIELD, April 9 and 11.

April 9, 2:30 p. m. Devotions: 2:45. That Mortgage, Rev. G. C. Osmond; 3:30 Church Paper and Other Printed Holes, Rev. Jos. H. Mansfield; 4:15, The Unconquerable Christ, Dr. H. B. Eli; 5:30, Our Debt to Science, Rev. L. B. Baker; 6:45, The Joy of Willing Fidelity, Dr. L. N. Beech; 4: Little Debtors: 4:15, Methodist Love-feasts, Dr. D. Dorr-chester; 4:30, Former Pastors, 5:30, Collation.

Evening, April 11, at 7 o'clock, Praise Service, with choir and cornets; 7:15, How it was Done, pastor; 7:30, Disadvantages of Church Debts, Rev. W. H. Grant; 7:45, Advantages of Church Debts, Rev. W. H. Grant; 8:15, Ladies Aid Society; 8:30, Local Benefits of a Church, Dr. L. B. Thayer; 8:45, Special Privileges in Church Debts, Rev. W. H. Grant; 9:15, Remarks by Resident Laymen, W. H. Grant; 9:30, Prayers; 9:45, Closing.

April 11, at 10:30 a. m., Love-feast; 2:45, Praise by Dr. M. B. Chapman; 6:30, Praise by the pastor.

[Several Maine Conference Notices have been received, and will appear next week.]

ALPHA NOTICE. - The monthly meeting of the Alpha will be held on Monday afternoon, April 12, at the Trustees' Room, Jacob Steiner Hall, a paper on "Woman and Christianity" by Rev. M. V. B. Knox, Ph. D., of Littleton, N. H. Criticism by Revs. J. P. Kennedy and F. H. Knight.

GEO. S. BURTENS, Secy.

H. T. MARSHALL'S

Patent Adjustable Lace Congress.



THE COMING SHOE.

Does not draw the foot like ordinary Congress. Has the stylish appearance of a lace shoe, and is more comfortable for a full step or ankle. Convenient as any Congress in putting on. Requires no lacing when once adjusted. Manufactured of best material, in all widths, and half sizes, insure a perfect fit and full satisfaction.

If your dealer does not have these, write me, enclosing careful measurement of foot, giving size and width of shoe worn, with \$4 for machine-sewed, and \$5 for hand-sewed, and I will send you promptly by mail, registered, the best shoe made.

H. T. MARSHALL, Brockton, Mass.

Men's, Boys' and Youth's Fine Shoes.

Best and Lowest Tennis Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen.

For Sale at retail 117 Water St., Boston. Please mention this paper.

NATURE'S PERFECT REMEDY.

CURE FOR CONSTITUTION.

TARRANT'S SALTZ.

Sick-Headache.

AND DYSPEPSIA.

New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Given Away.

Popular Monthly Magazine.

"Cottage Hearth."

Subscription Price, \$1.50.

To any person sending us Fifteen ELECTRIC Soap Wrappers by mail to our address we will, on receipt of same, send the above magazine for one year free of charge.

The ELECTRIC is a clean, clear, and pure White Soap, made only from the finest ingredients, and is the Best Laundry Soap in the world. Address:

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101 Milk Street, Boston.

Send 6 cents in stamps for copy of the Magazine.

Decorative Dinner Sets.

1% NET.

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LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THIS COUNTRY.

827--Washington Street--827 BOSTON, MASS.

ARE OFFERING AN ELEGANT BLACK WALNUT CHAMBER SET.

10 pieces complete, landscape glass with beveled plate, combination commode, handles of the latest square pattern, in solid brass, new style chairs, making in all set well worth \$75, for only

\$40.00.

Again we offer a solid Walnut Chamber Set, consisting of 10 pieces, which is one of the greatest bargains in New England at the price. It is handsomely finished and attractive in style. It is no old set that has stood around the building for a year but a new, clean, well made, solid Ash Set, and the price only

\$17.00.

Also, Walnut Ash, Cherry, Mahogany, Pine and Mahogany Chamber Sets in large quantities and great variety. The largest and best selected stock in this city.

PARLOR FURNITURE.

A Black Haircloth Parlor Set of seven pieces, complete, consisting of sofa, large gent's armchair, lady's pattern rocker and four large settee chairs. This set is not a set that has been blown together and upholstered to advertise on, but a first-class set, covered in best haircloth, and with this set for a limited time only will add an elegant mantle or pier mirror, and now be prepared for a surprise. For all this we only charge you

\$35.00.

We quote the following prices on plush parlor suits, either covered in one color or in a combination of colors, solid walnut frames, 7 pieces complete for \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65, and so on up to \$60.

PARLOR SUITS in range, run and spun silk, plain, embossed and crushed plushes, satins, damasks, and in all coverings. An elegant crushed plush set for \$55.

CARPETS.

Five-frame body Brussels, \$1 to \$120.

Tapestry Brussels, \$5 to \$125.

Extra super all-wool carpets, \$50 to \$1.

Ingrains, 15c upwards.

Velvets from \$1.50 to \$17.50.

Straw matting, rugs, mats, art squares, carpet sweepers, etc., in